

Dollaz & Sense

Blakroc

Jea, Ja
Zip, Zag, Zig, Zing, uh
Zoom, Zag, Zig, uh
Uh, yeah, this is very scary
This is, this is, this is not the very ordinary

Like Tony Starks man we throw your ass in the Cobra Clutch
Your man watch as your whole head opens up
Sober up, niggy, it's the Bob Digi
We throw darts in the air that float like a frisbee
My neck is frostbitten, glass wouldn't teach me
Love my wares but y'all thug niggas miss me
I'm bionic, my chronic draw the Digi-juice
My fist stacks is bruce you better call the jukes
No excuse the black man must stand up
Time to make the Wu sign throw both of y'all hands up
You see me in a Maserati GranTurismo
Up in the club my beat got more sub than Quizno
Mama that's the business I'ma a get this
Give me ten digits
Fuck that before I quit this
Walk in the prise of a purse
If it don't make it dollas, nigga, then it don't make sense

If it don't make dollas, then it don't make sense
If it don't make dollas, then it don't make sense
No, no, it don't make sense

Shake it out one time

March in here everywhere

I see dead people when I spit with my sixth sense
My sixteens are sick sentences that make sense
Which means they inflict pain that's intense
I got brains backstage I been rhymin' sick since
Sing a song of sixpence
Pockets full of rhyme
The road is I'm known 'til I die
Torches, switchblades, and pockmarked sky

My shades is black my boots is fly
Rock 'n' roll I lose control
Fuck the white ones, The Black Keys got so much soul
While you come off of the bench
If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
Dog, If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
Dog, It needs to make sense
If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense

If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
No, no, it don't make sense
If it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
If it don't make dollas mama don' t make no sense
Yeah

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